
"By you leave, ma'am, if I may speak—"
"You may not,"

Humphrey closed the door, but remained a minute gazing on the panel. If he meditated any expostulation he gave it up and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at football with the reins.

Then away Humphrey went, and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I sat almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels; and up came a tax cab, carrying four inside, namely, two well known porkers, Master Bardell, the pig butcher, and his foreman, Samuel Stark, or as he was commonly called, Sam the sticker. They inquired and I explained in a few words, the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

“Anybody you wasn’t half polite enough,” said Sam, with a side wink at his master. “It ain’t a bit of scrape and a civil word as well as to get a strange lady up into a strange man’s gig. It wants a warthog like and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her for a persuader, and I’ll have her up in our cart—my master’s that is to say—someday you can see whether she has feet or hoofs.”

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage door, smoothing down his sleek forelocks, bowing and using his utmost eloquence, over to the repeating most of his arguments twice over.

It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two men and two horses; and she did not say it. She merely turned away.

The sudden drawing up of the window, so visibly as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently that it was Master Bardell who had been the unwelcome visitor. It was an unlucky smash, for it affected what the tradesman would have called an "admirable opening," for pouring in a fresh stream of consequence; and the stickler who, shrewdly

estimated the convenience of the breach came round the back of the carriage and as junior counsel, "followed on the same side." The lady was invincible.

The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and so Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fire, and his swine grumbled at the delay. His master and man fell into consultation, and they were afterward with the result, the sticks being the orator. "It was man's duty," he said, "to look after the women, pretty or ugly, young or old, and what we came into the world to do, namely to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair

As for himself, "pertussing females was his nature, and he should never be easy again, if so be, he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be pertussed with her own free will, she ought to be compelled to, like any other live beast unsensible to its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up."

I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had been only asked as a compliment. The lady had been just fastened to the catastrophe. Whether she could hear or debate or the amount of long pent-up emotion was too overwhelming for its barriers. I know not; but pride gave way to nature, and a short hysterical scream proceeded from the carriage, Miss Norman was in fits.

We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, while I ran

to a little pool near at hand for a little cold water. But the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned the lady—only half-conscious, had been caught up, and she sat at the cart between two butchers. They were already on the move.

I jumped into my own gig and put my horse up to his head, but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were galloping into W—. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, screaming in concert with the two pigs, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well by sight, as “her kisser!”

“SABATH” AND “SUNDAY.”—A Correspondent of the Notes and Queries, says the only words used in English for the first day of the week, before the existence of Puritanism, were Sunday and Lord’s Day. The former of these

expressions as used by our Saxon ancestors, with all other Teutonic nations. The latter was adopted from the Christian form of Southern Europe. Saturday, in Italian, still retains the Hebrew name of Sabbath. The word for Sunday in Russian means resurrection: "identifying the day, as the southern nations do, though more significantly, with the great triumph of Christian faith."

Dr. Israel, in his *Commentaries on the Life of Charles I.* fixes the reign of Elizabeth and the year 1500 as the period when Sunday was first called Saturday (*diel Sabbati*). He says:

It was in the reign of Elizabeth, during the unsettled state of the National religion that a sect arose among those reformers of the reformed who were known by the name of Sabbatharians.

Also that—

John Knox, the great reformer of Scotland, was the true father of this new doctrine in

Calvin was opposed, as were indeed Luther and the other great reformers of that day, to the Calvinist view of Sunday. Knox himself was becoming some of the present day professors, if a Gradist at Geneva is true.

That when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his audience coadjutor bowling on a green. At this day, and in that place, continues D'Iscraeli, a Calvinist preacher after his Sunday Sermon will take his place at a card-table.

This question is so much involved with the death of Charles I, and the rise of the Commonwealth, that D'Iscraeli has treated it very largely in the 15th and 18th chapters of his second volume, and with greater direction, judgment and taste.—*Boston Transcript.*

DESPISING HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.—From a variety of causes, neither the Jews

In this neglect of household cares American females stand alone. A German lady, no matter how lofty her rank, she never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of body and mind alike. An English lady, whether she be only a gentleman's wife, or a duke's, does not despise the household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true and happiest sphere. It is reserved for our Republic an fine ladies to be more choice than even their monarchial and aristocratical sisters. The result is a neglect of mind often fatal to the health, a neglect of bodily exercise, especially, who leaves her household cares to her servants, pays the penalty which has been inflicted to idleness, since the foundation of the world, and either with a way from ennui, or is

It should be known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy any insect that may find its way into the stomach; and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.